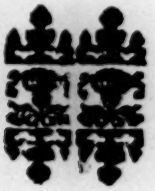
A Flattering
ELEGIE,
Vpon the death of King *Charles*:
The cleane contrary way.

With a Parallell ſomething ſignificant.



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A flattering ELEGIE, *&c.*

VVEre all the flatt'ry in the world in me,
Yet (Royall ſoule) I could not flatter thee:
Celeſtiall joyes thy bleſſed ſpirit includes
In full fruition of Beatitudes.
Immortall Martyr'd Monarch, to thy Hearſe
I dedicate my poore unpolliſh'd Verſe:
I flattering flatter not, but I commend
Thoſe Villaines that procur'd thy glorious end:
Thoſe holy men that vow'd to quell Oppreſſors,
And make thee greater then thy Predeceſſors:
I flatter none but ſuch, and ſtill I pray
They may be bleſt the cleane contrary way.
'Tis wonder how theſe Atheiſts dare to frame
Their prayers to God; or call upon his name,
When they believe there is no God at all;
But that (by nature) all things ſtand or fall:
For to know God is truſt in him alone,
And to believe Gods word and God are one:
And as ſure as his Word and he are true,
So ſure damnation is the Rebels due; *Rom.* 13.
Their Humiliations and Hypocriſie
Can never expiate their perjury:
Their feigned Faſts and ſeeming penitence
Were mockeries of Gods high omnipotence:
Daies of Thanksgiving were in uſe no further,
But to praiſe God for their committing murther;
Or when they had done miſchiefe to the King,
Then would they give God thanks, and Bells ſhould ring:
Some good theſe wicked Imps of Hell have done,
We may chooſe our Religion all, or none;
Or any that will pleaſe our fancies well;
We may be Pagan, Jew, Turke, Infidell;
Or the Religion of a Horſe or Mule,
(Where God commands not, where no King doth rule)

We may be Proteſtants againe (they ſay)
Pr vided that we will no King obey:
Let's never ſtrive more to be Chriſtians then,
Since Godleſſe Villaines are held beſt of men.
England was ſick of too much eaſe and wealth;
The Divell was ſick too, and to gaine his health,
He tooke from's Doctor and Apothecary
A Vomit, Cliſter, and Suppoſitary:
The Phyſick would not worke, which griev'd him more;
His Gripes and pangs made him make Hell to roare.
At laſt to England he a journey makes
And turn'd our happy Kingdome to his Jakes:
His damned Phyſick here wrought up and downe,
In Church, Court, Countrey, City, Village, Towne.
Here (from his Helliſh throat) he ſpawl'd and ſpew'd
Of Sectaries a curſed Multitude,
Presbyters, Independents, Agitators,
Thieves, Murderers, rude Rebels, and falſe Traytors,
And from his gut beneath he vented out
An ill look't vermine with a fiery ſnowt,
Who as he ſquirted from's infernall Breech,
It ſcalded him and made his Divelſhip ſcreech.
A mighty blackfac'd worme he eke did void,
And thoſe two have our happineſſe deſtroy'd.
And thus the Divels excrements did vent
A curſed Army, and a Parliament.
Thus did this vomit, and this purge defile,
With putrifaction, this moſt famous Ile:
That ſtinking ſtuffe, bred Frogs, Toads, Caterpillers;
(The worſt of vermine, Traytors and King-killers)
The noyſome ſavour of theſe fowle contagions
Flew into every Kingdome, Lands and Regions;
That now our names and fames ſtinke every where,
And will not ſoone be ſweet againe I fear.
Thus have they begger'd Englands common weale,
And all good men may either beg or ſteale,

Or ſtarve; chuſe which of all thoſe three:
Or hazard Newgate and the Tryple tree,
Whilſt they ſurprize the goods of any mans,
And ride in pompe in Coaches and Sedans.
Like Sea and Hell are their inſatiate Mawes,
They have devour'd Church, Kingdome, King and Lawes:
Of Sequeſtrations, foure ſcore thouſand, odde,
And (if they could) they would Sequeſter God.
All the Kings jewels, Scepter, and his Crowne,
Lands and all goods which Kings have held their owne;
All the Revenues they have ſwallowed clear,
(Worth fifteen hundred thouſand pounds a year)
All Forreſts, and Kings woods, all Churches lands,
They 've grip'd in to their Avaricious hands,
All plundrings, Contributions, and Exciſe,
Free Loanes, forc'd Loanes, Taxes and penalties;
Pole-moneys, weekly meales and Subſidies, &c.
All theſe cannot their greedy guts ſuffice.
An hundred millions they've near ſpent and loſt,
And not one penny of it of their coſt:
Yet ſtill they owe ſome millions of arreares:
With great ingagements more as it appeares.
The Publique Faith is now ſo faithleſſe found,
Lenders would take five ſhillings in the pound;
And maney for arreares right glad would be,
For every twenty ſhillings to have three.
But there are cheaper waies to pay arrears,
To ſtarve or hang 'em up all reckoning clears;
Death quits all ſcores, let them be long delay'd,
And they'le be kil'd, or hang'd, and then all's payd.
For wealth, and pride, and power, their ſoules they've ſold,
And never will be fill'd with bloud and gold:
Thus they imagine miſchief every day,
Pray'd for and bleſt the clean contrary way.
The year full ſixteen hundred and two ſcore,
King CHARLES from Scotland came, and never more

Was flattry us'd with great magnificence,
The City London entertain'd their Prince,
Mark how the curſed Jews Hoſanna cry'd
When Chriſt into Hieruſalem did ride;
With boughs they deckt their doors, and in their ſtreet
They threw their garments, trampled under feet:
Theſe flattring duties then thoſe Jews did ſhew,
To whom both heaven and earth obedience owe;
Yet few dayes after their malitious ſtrife,
Did crucifie our glorious Lord of life.
Much like to this was Londons fading flame
Of love, when royall CHARLES from Scotland came,
They rang the Bels, and Bonefires were conſum'd;
Thouſands were ſick with Healths, and th' aire perfum'd,
With Cannons thundring roar and chimneis reake;
Yea all that heart could think or tongue could ſpeak:
By flattring Loyalty was then expreſt
With th'entertainment of a mighty Feaſt.
This did brave London do, yet pray but note,
In three dayes after they would cut his throat;
For thouſands of them did like fiends conjoyn,
To ſpend their lives, their ſouls, their goods, and coyne,
And many a Thimble, Bodkin, and a Ring,
They offered up to ſacrifice their King:
Oh faithleſſe truſt! accurs'd with flattry varniſht,
Like to a rotten Sepulchre new garniſht:
And as the City hath this miſchief bought,
For which the Parliament our ruines brought;
So a ſeditious Army baſe and ſcurvy
Hath turn'd the Parliament quite topſie turvy:
So Parliament and City dare not act,
Except great TOM and NOL approve the fact.
Some wonders do but laſt a nine daies ſpace;
But this is not our murdred Soveraignes caſe,
For God (whoſe dreadfull voice is more then thunder)
Will make King CHARLES his bloud ten ages wonder:

So

So wiſe, ſo juſt, ſo mercifull, ſo good,
So happy, (had he well been underſtood)
That we had all been happy, had we bin
So bleſt as not to kill him with our ſin.
As ſure as man dies when he 'ath loſt his head,
So with one blow three Kingdomes are ſtruck dead:
The ignorant accus'd JEWES SANHEDRIM
Were not ſo guilty of ſelfe-knowing ſin.
Great PONTIUS PILATE on's Tribunall Throne,
To judge the High eternall THREE in ONE,
He did not know what then our Saviour was,
Yet did corrupt unwilling cenſure paſſe:
He was a Heathen and from him was hid
Such knowledge that he knew not what he did:
He was not brib'd with thouſands, gold, or gaine,
As BRADSHAW was to judge his SOVERAIGNE:
PILATE had full authority and power
From great TIBERIUS, Romes high Emperour:
But our uſurping Preſident did know
His power was falſe and that himſelfe did owe
(With all his fellow Knaves) obedience
To him that ſtood arraign'd by falſe pretence:
You knew, but would not know; then here's your lot,
Depart from me for now I know you not.
But yet when Heavens juſt Judge ſhall all decide
Thoſe Jewes before you ſhall be juſtified;
You ſinn'd againſt your conſciences, you knew
Your King (the beſt of Kings) was in your view:
He unto whom you plighted had your troaths
By Proteſtation, Covenant and Oaths
Of true Allegiance and Supremacy,
And that you'd make him great moſt gloriouſly.
You knew the King was innocent and right,
You knew your curſed hearts were full of ſpight:
You knew your malice 'gainſt his life conſpir'd,
You knew falſe witneſſes ſuborn'd and hir'd:

You knew that BRADSHAVV and COOKE (INCUBUS)
Were Villaines, both the ſons of CERBERUS.
You knew not one amongſt your damned Crew
Was friend unto the King, this you all knew:
You knew that by the Laws it plain appeares
That every man, ſhould be try'd by his Peeres;
For in my life I never yet have heard it,
But common men, had common Juries Verdict:
Peeres try'd by Peeres, but no Record yet brings
But Kings ſhould be a Jury unto Kings:
This is the thing that all our lives enſlaves,
That Tapſters, Drawers, Firkin men (proud knaves)
Were by a foiſting Parliament appoynted
To judge and doome to death the Lords Anoynted.
You knew the accurſed wealth you 'aue rak'd and pull'd
From three rich Kingdomes baſely cheated, gull'd:
And you did feare if CHARLES ſhould once more Raigne,
You ſheuld reſtore your theeviſh gaines againe.
You knew your guilt of ſuch tranſcendency,
You durſt not truſt offended Majeſty:
For which we know, your want of wit and grace
Have glorified him in a better place.
For this black deed, I'le tell what will enſue,
Three Kingdomes ſpoyle, damnation unto you:
All Chriſtendome will hold you moſt abhorr'd
For murdering of your gracious Soveraigne Lord:
In any Countrey where this crime is knowne,
An Engliſh man dares not his Country owne.
Turkes, Pagans, Heathens, Jewes, and rugged Tartars,
In all wars willgive Engliſh men no quarters:
As you accurs'd have liv'd, accurſed dye,
Or elſe repent, or damne perpetually.

FINIS.

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